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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Apus and Virginia

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Apus and Virginia

Date of only Known Edition, 1575

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Apíus and Virginia

1575



Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET
LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH
MCMVIII

GENERAL

Apus and Virginia

Again to "the Irish find of 1906" is due the unearthing of a second copy of the original edition of this play. Until then the example in the British Museum (Pressmark C. 34, b. 2) was the only copy known to be extant. Like many other unique examples of early English plays now in national custody it came from the Garrick collection.

Since the Irish copy was sold, another from the Mostyn Library came into the market in June 1907.

The identity of R. B. has not been definitely ascertained—the initials apply to several writers of the time—but it is commonly attributed to Richard Bower, of whom, however, "The Dictionary of National Biography" takes no note.

The date of composition is probably 1563; there are several references pointing to the plague of that year.

It was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1567 by Rycharde Jonnes.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, has little to criticise after comparing this facsimile with the original copy:—

- (1) Title-page, there is no smudge under the "ra" of
"Tragicall" in the original.

- (2) A. ii. recto, line 14 from top of page, original has a white mark, a piece of paper having apparently stuck to it, but the word is quite legible as "puissant."
- (3) C. iv. recto, this page is a trifle too faint.
- (4) D. iii. verso, last line, initial letter is slightly clearer in original. It is evidently "D."
- (5) E. ii. verso, last line, "To the" is clearer in original.
- (6) E. iii. recto, last line at end, clearer in original: "stypf" [e], and catchword "F" [ame], below.

JOHN S. FARMER.

A new Tragicall Comedie
of *Apus and Virginia*,

Wherem is lively expressed a rare
example of the vertue of Chastitie,
by Virginias constancy, in wishing
rather to be slaine at her owne Fa-
thers hands, then to be deflow-
red of the wicked Iudge

Apus.

By R. B.

The Players names.

Virginias.	Conscience.
Mater.	Iustice.
Virginia.	Claudius.
Haphazard.	Rumour.
Mansipulus.	Comforte.
Mansipula.	Rewarde.
Subseruus.	Doctrina.
Apus.	Memorie.

Imprinted at London, by Wil-
liam How, for Richard Ihones.

1575.

The Prologue.

Qui cupis æthereas & summas scandere sedes
 Vim simul ac fraudem discute chare tibi.
 Fraus hic nulla iuuat, nō fortia facta iuuabūt,
 Sola Dei tua te trahat, terse fides.
 Qui placet in terris intactæ palludis instar,
 Viuere Virginiū nitore virgo sequi,
 Quos tulit & luctus, discas gaudia magna
 Viræ, dum parca scinder filia parent.
 Huc ades ō virgo, pariter moritura sepulchro,
 Sic ait, & faciem pallida morte mutat.

Who doth desire the trump of fame, to sound vnto the Skie
 Or els who seekes the holy place, where mighty Loue li-
 He must not by deceitfull mind, nor yet by pu-
 But by the faith and sacred lyfe, he must it win at length,
 And what she be that virgins lyfe, on earth wold gladly leade,
 The fluds that Virginia did fall, I with her reade,
 Her doller and hir dolefull losse, and yet her ioyes at death.
 Come Virgins pure to graue with mee, quoth she with latest h-
 You Lordings all that present be, this Tragicke to heare,
 Note well what zeale and loue, heerein doth well appeare,
 And Ladies you that linked are, in wedlocke bandes for euer,
 Do imitate the life you see, whose fame will perish neuer,
 But Virgins you, oh Ladies faire, for honour of your name.
 Do lead the life apparent here, to win immortall fame,
 Let not the blinded God of Loue, as Poets tearme him so,
 Nor Venus with her benery, nor Echoes cause of too
 Pour Virgins name to spot or file: deare dames obserue the like,
 That faire Verginia did obserue, who rather with the knife,
 Of fathers hand hir life to ende, then spot her chastety:
 As she did waile, waile you her want you maids of courtlesse.
 If any by example heere, would shun that great anoy,
 Our Authour would reioyce in hart, and we would leap for ioy,
 Would Gods that our indeuer may, as well to please your eares,
 As is our Audors meaning here, then were we boyde of feares:
 But patiently wee wish you beare with this our first attempt.
 Which surely will to do our best, then paid be no contempt,
 And as you please in patient wise, our first for to receive,
 Ere long a better shall you win, if god

Enter Virginius.

BEfore the time that fortunes lot, dyd shew ech fate his doine,
W^h Byrde, or Beast, or fish, or foule, or Earth had taken rome
The Gods they did decre^e to frame, the thing is ended now,
The Heauens, and the Planets eke, and moyst from ayre to bolw.
Then framed they y^e man of mould & clay, & gaue him time to raigⁿ
As seemed best their sacred minds, to runne and turne againe:
They framed also after this, out of his tender side,
A piece of much formositie, with him for to abide:
An infancie to lusty you, and so to raigne awhile,
Well to liue, tyl Eras he vnwares, do him begyle.
W^h to see these giftes of them, on groundes came to bew,
Maintyly to deck them vp, which after they may reu:
Therfore I thank the Gods aboue, that yeld to me such fate,
Lincke to me so iust a spouse, and eke so louing mate.
Her I haue a virgin pure, an ympe of heauenly race,
Wh^o sober, mecke, and modest too, and vertuous in lyke case:
To Temple will I wend therfore, to yald the Gods their praise,
For that they haue thus luckely, anered with my dates.
But stay, behold the p^{er}cellesse sparks wherof my tongue dyd talke,
Approch in presence of my sight, to church I deeme they walk,
But stay I wyll, and shoud me secretly a while,
To see what witte or counsell graue, p^{ro}cedeth from their stile.

Heere entreteth Mater and Virginia.

The p^{er}te and p^{ri}cking p^{ri}me of youth, ought chastisment to haue,
But thou beare daughter neddeth not, thy self doth shew the graue:
To se how Phoebus with his beames, hath youth so much infected,
It doth me woe to see them crane the thing should be detected.
I deaw to graue, and naught can leaue of the to be desired,
As much as duty to thy deare, as reason hath required:
Thy sufferent L^ord and frindly feare, Virginius father thine,
To nourse as doth become a child, when beanes are buried mine.
Virginius,
W^hetel your minde of mournig plaints, deare mother rest your minde

of Apius and Virginia.

For though that duty dainty were, daine nature will me binde,
So much to do, and further force, of Gods that rule the Skies,
The Glope and eke the Element, they would me els dispyes.

Mater.

Then if the Gods haue graunted thee, such grace to loue thy syer,
When time shall chose thee out a make be constant I requier:
Loue, liue, and lyke him well, before you graunt him grace or faith,
So shall your loue continue long, experience thus he saith.

Virginia.

I graunt deare Dame I doe agree,
When time shall so prouide:
But tender youth and infancie,
Doth rather with me bide,
What should I lose Dianas gifte,
And eke the spring to shun:
By which Acteon fateally,
His finall race did run:
Should I as abiect be esteemed,
Throughout Pernassus hill,
O: should my Virgins name be filde,
It were to great a skyll:
But yet it is vnspotted loe,
Right well I doe conceale,
When wedlocke doth require the same,
With parents loue and leaue:
Yet obstinate I we'll not be,
But willing will me yeeld:
When you commaund and not before
Then duty shall me sheeld.

Virginius.

Oh Gods that rule and raine, in heauens, in seas, in fiods and lands,
Two couple such I surely deeme, you neuer made with hands,
A Gods why doe ye not compel eche Dame the lyke to sholwe?
And euery Inipe of her againe, her duty thus to know,
I cannot stay my tounge from talke, I needes must call my deare,
Oh spouse wel met & Daughter to, what newes how do you cheare?

Mate

A new Tragicall Comedie

Mater

O deare virginus Joy to me, oh pearlesse spouse and mate,
In health I praise the Gods I am and ioisfull for thy state,

Virginus.

Virginia my daughter deare
How standeth all with thee?

Virginia.

Like happie state as mother tolde,
Like ioyfull sight to me.

Virginus.

By the Gods wife I joy me, that haue such a treasure,
Such Gemme and such Iuell, surmounting all measure:
Such a happy spouse, such a fortunat dame,
That no blot or staine, can impayze her fame,
Against such an Iuie, and grasse of my tree,
As cleare doth surmount all others that bee.

Mater.

May rather deare spouse how much is my case,
To be now aduanced by such happy grace:
Doth daily distill, my husband so louing,
Graunting and geuing to all thing behouing,
Joying in me, and in the fruite of my wombe.
Who would not requit it, the Gods yelde their dome
And if it be I, the Gods doe destroy me,
Rather then sinne, so soze should annoy me.

Virginus.

Oh wife refell thy wishing for woe,
By selfe thy faute rightwell do know:
And rather I wish my selfe to be staine,
Then thou or thy daughter ought wo should sustaine.

Virginia.

Oh father my comfort, oh Mother my ioy,
Oh Deare, and O sufferaigne, do cease to employ
Such dolorous talking, where dangers are none,
Where Joyes are attendant, what needeth this mone.

of Apius and Virginia.

You matron, you spouse, you Nurse, and you wife,
You comfort, you only the some of his lyfe :
You housband, you harte, you toye, and you pleasure,
You King, and you Keyser, to her only treasure,
You Father, you Mother, my lyfe doth sustaine,
I babe and I blisse, your health am againe,
Forbeare then your dole, let mirth be frequented
Let sorrow departe, and be not attempted.

Virginius.

Oh wife, oh spouse, I am contente.

Mater.

Oh Husband.

Virginia.

Oh Father wee doe consent.

Sing heere.

All sing this.

The trustiest treasure in earth earth as wee see,
As man, wife and children in one to agree,
Then friendly, and kindly, let measure be mixed
With reason, in season, where friendship is fixed.

Virginius.

When nature nursed first of all, yong Alexander learned,
Of who the Poets mention make in iudgement so deserved,
Oh what did want that loue procured his vital end well neare,
This is the hope where parents loue, their children do not feare.

All sing this.

The trustiest treasure in earth as wee see,
As man wife and children &c.

Mater.

When time King Nisus would not let, his daughter to be taught,
Of any one correcting hand to nurtue to be brought :
She void of duty cut his lockes, and golden tresses cleare,
Whereby his realme was ouerrun, and she was payd her hier.

A new Tragicall Comedie

All sing this.

The trustiest treasure in earth as we see,
Is man wife and child:en &c

Virginia.

When Dedalus from Creete did die,
With Icarus his ioy:
He naught regarding fathers words,
Did seeke his owne anoy:
He mounted vp into the skies,
Wherat the Gods did frowne,
And Phoebus soze his winges did frie,
And hedlonge flins him downe.

All singe this.

The trustiest treasure in earth as we see.
Is man wife and child:en &c.

Virginus.

Then sith that persualitie, both partly disorde mour,
And hatred often times doth creepe where ouermuch wee loue:
And if we loue no whit at all, the saming trump will sound,
Come wife, come spouse, come daughter deare, let measure beare. §

All singe this.

(ground.

The trustiest treasure in earth as we see
Is man wife and child:en in one to agree,
Then friendly, and kindly, let measure be mired,
With reason, in reason, where friendship is sired.

Exe.

¶ Here entreth Haphazard the Vice.

Very well sir, very well sir, it shalbe done,
As fast as euer I can prepare,
Who dippes with the Diuel, he had neede haue a long sponne,
Or els full smale will be his fare:
Yet a proper Gentleman I am of truthe
Pea that may yee see by my long side gowne

Pea

of Apollus and Virginia.

Sea but what am I, a Scholer, or a scholernaster, or els some pouth,
 A Lawier, a student or els a countrie clowne
 A Summan, a Basket maker, or a Baker of Pies,
 A flesh or a Fishmonger, or a sower of lies:
 A Louse or a louser, a Lecke or a Larke:
 A Dreamer a Dreamell, a fire or a sparke:
 A Caitife, a Cutthrote, a creper in corners,
 A herbzaine, a hangman, or a grafter of hoyners:
 By the Gods, I know not how best to deuise,
 My name or my property, well to disguise:
 A Marchaunte, a Pay poole, a man or a mackrell:
 A Crab or a Creuise, a Crane or a rockerell:
 Most of all these my nature doth inioy,
 Somtime I aduance them, somtime I destroy,
 A mayde or a Muffell Wote, a wife or a wilde ducke,
 As holde as blinde bayerd, as wise as a wood cocke.
 As fine as phippence, as proude as a Decocke,
 As stout as a Stockefish, as nicke as a metocke,
 As bigge as a begger, as fat as a sole,
 As true as a Linker, as riche as an Dole,
 With hey tricke, how trowle, trey trip, and trey trace,
 Trowle hazard in a vengeance I bestrew his knaues face
 For tro, and trowle hazard, keepe such a range
 That poore haphazard, was neuer so strange,
 But yet Haphazard, be of good chere,
 Doe play and repast thee man, be mery to yere:
 Though vittaile be dainty and hard for to get.
 Yet perhaps a number will die of the swet,
 Though it be in hazard, yet happely I may,
 Though mony be lacking, yet one day go gay.

Enter Manipulus.

When Maud, with a pestelence, what makst thou no hast?
 Of Baybery insence belike thou wouldest tast,
 By the Gods I haue stayed a full great while,
 My lord he is neare hand by this at the Church stile,
 And al for Maud mumble turde, that mampadding madge
 By the Gods if she hie name geue her my badge.

The Tragicall Comedie

Manipula.

What brake nosed diuell, begin you to floute.
He frie you in a sagot stick, by cocke goodman loute
You boaster you bragger, you bawling knaue :
He pay thee thy forty pence, thou bawling slaue:
My Ladies great busines belike is at ende,
When you goodman dawcocke, lust for to wend,
You, cosshed you crackerope, you chattering pyc,
Haue with ye, haue at ye, your manhode to try.

Haphazard.

What holde your hands masters, what? he for shame fle,
What culling? what lulling? what stir haue wee here?
What tugging? what lugging? what pugging by the care,
What part and be freinds, and ende all this strife,

Manipulus.

May rather I wishe hir, the end of my knife :

Manipula.

Draue it, geue mee it, I will it receaue,
So that for to place it, I might haue good leaue,
By the Gods: but for losing my land, lyfe, and liuing,
It should be so placed, he should haue all thynge:

Manipulus.

By the Gods how vngraciously the vicksen she chatteth,

Manipula.

And he euen as knauishly, my answer he patteth,

Haphazard.

Here is naught els, but railing of words out of reason,
Now tugging, now tatling, now mudding in season,
For shame be contented and leaue of this bawling,

Manipulus.

Content, for I shall repent it, for this my tonge wailing:

Manipula.

Thou knaue, but for thee, ere this time of day,
My Ladies faire Duc, had been strawed full gay:
With Primroses, Cowslips, and Violets sweete:
With Pinks, and with Parigolds, and Pargerum meete,

Which

of Apius and Virginia.

Which now lyeth vncleanly and all long of thee,
That a shame recompence thee, for hindring mee,
Mansipulus.

Ah pretie prance pannel, the Couthen and Booke,
Whereon he shoulde reade and kneele, are present here looke:
My Lorde when he seeth mee, he will cast such an eye,
As pinch wyll my hart neare ready to die:
And thus wise, and thus wise, his hand wyll be walking
With thou precious knaue, away get thee packing

¶ Here let hym fight.

Haphazard.

Pay then by the masse, its time to be knocking,
No words at all but to me he is poynting:
Pay haue at you againe, you shall haue your annoynting,
Mansipula.

Body of me, hold yf ye can,
What will you kill such a proper man?

Haphazard.

Pay sure I haue done when women do speake,
Why would the knaue my patience so breake?

Mansipulus.

Well I must begon, there is no remedy
For feare my tayle makes buttens, by mine honesty.

Haphazard.

For reuerence on your face, your nose and your chin:
By the Gods haue ye hard such an vnmanly billin.

Mansipula.

I neuer heard one so rancke of rudnesse,

Mansipulus.

In faith it is but for lacke of lewdnesse:
But here I burne day light, while thus I am talking
A way come Mansipula, let vs be walking,

Mansipula

Contented Mansipulus, haue with thee with speede,

Haphazard.

Pay stay yet my frendes I am not agree.

B. y.

Man

The Tragicall Comedie

Manipula,

Wee dare not tary, by God wee sweare.

Haphazard.

Day tarry take comfort with you for to beare,

It is but in hazard and yf you be mist,

And so it may happen you sale not his fist:

Perhaps he is stayde by talke with some friend

It is but in hazard, then sing o: you wend

Let hope be your helper, your care to defend.

Manipulus.

By hap o: by hazard, we sing o: we crie,

Then singe let vs say so, let sorrow go by.

Manipula.

We can be but beaten that is the worst,

¶ Enter Subseruus.

What how Manipulus, thou knaue art thou curst?

My lord standeth talking and I gape for thee,

Come away with a wannion, runne halt and hie,

Manipulus.

Day herken Subseruus, stay I pray thee,

Let vs haue a song and then haue with thee:

Subseruus.

Content if thou hie thee.

¶ Sing here all.

Hope so, and hap so, in hazard of thretinge,

The worst that can hap so, in end is but beating.

Manipulus.

What if my Lordinge, doo chaunce for to misse me,

The worst that can happen, is Cudgell will kisse mee,

In such kinde of sweetnes, I sweare by Gods mother,

It will please me better, it were on some other,

With thwicke thwack, with thump thump,

with bobbing and hum,

Our hyde saddle shoulders shal heade that doth come:

Hope so, and hap so, in hazard, &c.

Man:

of Apius and Virginia,

Mansipula,

If case that my Lady, do threaten my case,
No cause to contrary, but beare hit a space,
Untill she draw home so, where so she will vse me,
As Doctors doth doubt it, how I should excuse me,
With thwicke thwack, with thump thump,
With bobbing and bum,
Our side saddle Shoulders shal sheilde that doth come,
Hope so, and hap so, in hazard &c.

Subseruus,

What if your company cause me haue woo,
I minde not companyons so soone to forgo:
Let hope holde the Helmet, till burnt it be past,
For bloes are but buffits and words but a blast,
With thwick thwack, with thump thump,
With bobbing and bum,
Our side saddle Shoulders shal sheild that doth come,
Hope so, and hap so, in hazard &c.

Haphazard.

Then let vs be mery, it is but by hap,
A hazardly chaunce may harbor a clap,
Bestir ye, be mery, be glad and be ioying,
For bloes are but buffits and sinale time annoying,
With thwick thwack, with thump thump,
With bobbing and bum,
Our side saddle Shoulders shal sheild that doth come,
Hope so, and hap so, in hazard &c.

The end of the song.

All speaketh this.

Haphazard farewell, the Gods do thanke thee.

Exiunt.

Haphazard.

Farwell my friends, farwell goe pzancke ye:
By the Gods Haphazard, these men haue tried the

A new Tragicall Comedie

Who sayd thou wast no man, sure he belied thee,
 By loue master Merchant by sea or by land,
 Would get but small argent, if I did not stand,
 His very good master, I may say to you,
 When he hazards in hope, what hap will issue:
 In court I am no man, by cocke sir ye lie,
 A Plowman perhaps or ere that he die,
 May hap be a Gentleman, a Courtier or Captaine,
 And hap may so hazard, he may goe a begging:
 Perhaps that a Gentleman, heere to great land,
 Which selleth his liuing, for money in hand,
 In hazard it is the bying of more,
 Perhaps he may ride when spent is the store:
 Hap may so hazard the none may so change.
 That men may be masters, and wines will not raunge:
 But in hazard it is in many a grange.
 Lest wines were the Coppere, and maydens coy strange:
 As Pecoockes sit perking, by chaunce in the plomtree,
 So maides would be masters, by the guise of this countrey.
 Haphazard eche state full well that he markes,
 If hap the skie fall, we hap may haue Larkes:
 Well, fare ye well now, for better or worse,
 Put hands to your pockets, haue minde to your purse.

Exit

Enter Judge Apius.

The sorowed face of Fortunes force, my pinching paine doth moue
 I settled ruler of my realme inforced am to loue:
 Judge Apius I the princelest Judge, that raigeth vnder sonne,
 And haue bene so esteemed long, but now my force is done:
 I rule no more, but ruled am, I do not Judge, but am Judged,
 By beauty of Virginia, my wisdom all is trudged,
 Oh percellesse Dame, Oh passing peace, oh face of such a sature.
 That neuer erst with beauty such, matched was by nature:
 Oh fond Apelles prattling foole, why boastest thou so much?
 The samost more thou madst in Greece, whose liments were such
 When thou in deuced man, for beauty of thy worke?

In

of Apius and Virginia.

In such a sort with fond desire, where no kinde lyfe dyd lurke,
With raging fits thou soule ran mad, oh fond Pigmalion,
Yet sure if that thou sawest my deare, the like y couldst make none,
Then what may I, oh Gods above, bend downe to heare my crye,
As once he did to Salmasis, in Pond hard Lyzia by:
Oh that Virginia were in case as sometime Salmasis,
And in Hermacroditus stede, my selfe might seeke my blisse,
Ah Gods, would I vnfolde her skynes, completing of my necke?
Or would I hurt her nimble hand, or yeelde her such a checke?
Would I gainesay his tender skynne, to baath where I do washe?
Or els refuse hir soft swete lippes, to touch my naked fleshe?
Pay, oh the Gods do know my minde, I rather would requier,
To lue, to serue, to crouch, to kneale, to craue for my desier.
But out ye Gods, ye bende your bzowes, and frowne to see me fare,
Ye do not force my sickle fate, ye do not way my care,
Unrighteous, and vnequall Gods, vniust, and eke vn sure,
Woe worzh the time ye made me liue, to see this haplesse houre:
Dyd Iphis hang himselfe for loue, of Lady not so faire?
Or els did loue the cloudie mistes, bend downe from lightsome ayre:
Or as the Poets mencion make, of Inachs daughter make,
For loue dyd he to make a Cowe, whom Inach long dyd seeke:
Is loue so great, to cause the quicke, to enter into Hell,
As stout Orpheus did attempt, as histories do tell:
Then what is it that loue cannot? why loue dyd pearce the skies:
Why Pheb. and famous Mercury, with loue had blinded eyes:
But I a Iudge of grounded yeeres, shall reape to me such name,
As shall resounde dishonour great, with Trump of carelesse fame:
Oh that my yeeres were youthfull yet, or that I were vnwedded.

Here entreth Haphazard.

Why cease sir Knight, for why perhaps, of you she shalbe bedded:
For solow my counsell, so may you me please,
That of carefull resurgng, your hart shall haue ease.

Apius.

Oh thundring Gods that threaten ye,
and Plague for eche offence:

A new Tragical Comedie

Your selues I doe me would counsell craue,
in this so fit pretence :
And eke your nimble stretched armes,
with great rewards would sic,
To purchase faire Virginia,
so deare a wight to me :
And friend, I sweare by Iubiter,
and eke by Iunos seate :
And eke by all the miseries,
where on thou canst intreate :
Thou shalt possesse and haue,
I will thee graunt and geue,
The greatest part of all my Realme,
for aye thee to releeue.

Haphazard.

Well then, this is my counsell, thus standeth the case,
Perhaps such a fetch, as may please your grace :
There is no more wayes, but hap or hap not,
Either hap, or els haple sic, to knit vp the knot:
And if you will hazard, to venter what falles,
Perhaps, that Haphazard, will end al your thyualles.

Apus.

I meane so. I will so, if thou do perswade me,
To hap or to hazard, what thing shall enuade me :
I King, and I Keyser, I rule and ouerwealine:
I do what it please me, with in this my realme:
Wherefore in thy iudgement, see that thou do enter,
Hap life or hap death, I surely will venter.

Haphazard.

Then this, and in this sorte, standeth the matter,
What nede many wordes, vnlesse I should flatter,
Full many there be, will hazarde their life,
Happely to ease your grace of all your strife,
Of this kinde of conspiracie now let vs common,
Some man, Virginius, before you must summon,
And say that Virginia is none of his Daughter.

But that Virginius by night away taught her :
Then charge you the father his Daughter to bringe,
Then do you detain him, till proued be the thing:
Which well you may win him, the present in house,
It is but Haphazard, a man or a mouse

Apius.

I finde it, I minde it, I sweare that I will,
Though shame, or defame, do happen no skill,
But out I am wounded, how am I deuised?
Two states of my life, from me are now glided,
For Conscience he pricketh me contempned,
And Justice saith, Iudgement wold haue me condemn
Conscience saith crueltie sure will detest me:
And Justice saith, death in thence will molest me,
And both in one sodden me thinke they do erie,
That fier eternall, my soule shall destroy.

Haphazard.

Why these are but thoughts man: why fie for shame fie
For Conscience was carelesse, and sayling by seas,
Was drownded in a basket and had a disease,
Soze moued for pitie, when he would graunt none,
For beyng hard harted, was turned to a stone:
And sayling by Sandwich he sunke for his sin,
Then care not for conscience, the worth of a pin:
And Iudgement iudge Justice to haue a reward,
For iudging still iustly, but all is now marde,
For giftes they are geuen, wher Iudgement is none,
Thus Iudgement and Justice awzonge way hath gone:
Then care not for Conscience the worth of a fable,
Justice is no man, no: nought to do able.

Apius.

And saiest thou to my sured frende, then hap as hap shall hit,
Let Conscience grope, & Iudgement craue, I wil not shrink one whit
I well perseuer in my thought, I will beslower his youth,
I will not sure reuerted be, my hart shall haue no ruth,
Come on perforce and wayte on me, I wil hap woe or wealth,

C.

Here let him
make as though
he went out
and let Con-
science and Ju-
stice come out
of him, and let
Conscience hold
in his hand a
Lamp burning
and let Justice
haue a sworde
and hold it be-
fore Apius
breast.

Hap blunt, hap sharp, hap life, hap death, though Haphazard be of
Haphazard. (health)

At hand (quoth picke purse) here redy am I,
See well to the Cut Purse, be ruled by me.

Conscience.

Exit. Go out here.

O cleare vnspotted giftes of loue,
How haps thou art refused:
Oh Conscience cleare, what cruell minde
Thy truth hath thus misused?
I spotted am by villfull will,
By lawles loue and luste
By dyeadfull daunger of the life,
By faith that is vntrust.

Iustice.

Oh gift of loue, oh fortunes face,
Oh state of steepe life:
I Iustice am and Prince of paires,
The end of Lawes and strife:
A guider of the common weale,
A giuerdon to the poore:
And yet hath filthy lust suppress,
My vertues in one houre,
Well well this is the most to trust,
In ende we shall espire:
To see the end of these our faces
With sword and eke with fire.

Conscience.

Oh help ye Gods, we members require.

Exit.

Enter Haphazard.

When gayne is no granter,
And gaudes naught set by:
Noz Buddings, noz Pie meate,
Noz knaues will come nie:
Then hap and Haphazard,
Shall haue a new cote:
And so it may happen.

of Apius and Virginia.

To cut couetousnesse throte:
Pea then shall Iudge Apius.
Virginia obtayne:
And Gasse shall cracke Puffels,
Perhaps in the rapne:
Lerkes shall be Leuerets,
And skip to and fro:
And chourles shall be cockheads,
Perhaps and also:
But peace for mans body,
Haphazard be munn,
Fie prattling nobby,
Iudge Apius is come.

C Here entreteth Iudge Apius
and Claudius.

THe furies sell of Lymbo Lake.
my Princely daies doo throte:
All downe in deadly woes I lue,
that once dyd toy in sport,
I lue and languish in my lyfe,
as doth the wounded Deare:
I thirst, I craue, I call and crie,
and yet am naught the neare:
And yet I haue that me so match,
within the Realme of mine:
But Tantalus amids my care,
I hunger sterue and pine:
As Sisyfus I roule the stone,
in vaine to top of Hill:
That euermore vncertainly,
revoluing libeth still:
Oh, as if to her it were to me,
what labours would I die?
What raging seas would I not plow,
to her commoditie:

But out alas I doubt it soze,
 lest drousy Morpheus;
 His slumby kingdomes graunted hath,
 With Dewes and belutions:
 Oh Gods above that rule the Skies,
 ye Babes that bragge in blisse:
 Ye Goddesses, ye Graces you,
 what burning brunt is this?
 Bend downe your Ire, destroy me quick:
 or els to graunt me grace,
 No more but that my burning brest,
 Virginia may imbace:
 If case your eares be dead and deafe,
 the friends and sprites below:
 You carlesse carls of Limbo Lake,
 your forced mightes doe shoue.
 Thou Caitife Kinge of darksome den,
 thou Pluto plagued humane:
 Send forth thy sacred vengeance straight,
 consume them to the graue:
 That will not aide my case,
 Claudius.
 Content and if it like your grace,
 I will attempt the deepe:
 I summon will Virginius,
 before your seat with speede,
 Haphazard.
 Do so, my Lorde be you not afrayde,
 And so you may happen to Hazard the mayde:
 It is but in Hazard, and may come by hap,
 Win her, or lose her, trie you the trap.
 Apius.
 By the Gods, I consent to thee Claudius now
 Prepare the in haste Virginius vnto,
 Charge him, commaunde him vpon his alegoance

of Apius and Virginia.

With all kinde of speede, to yelde his obeyſance,
Before my ſeate in my conſultary
Subſene of lande, life and treaſurie.

Here let Claudius go out with Haphazard,

No let, no ſtay, noz ought perturbance,
Shall cauſe me to omit the ſurtgeraunce,
Of this my waighthy charge:

Exit.

Apus.

Well now I range at large my will for to expreſſe,
For looke how Torquin, Lucreſ faire, by force did once oppreſſe,
Euen ſo will I Virginia uſe:

Here let Conſcience ſpeake within,

Judge Apus prince, oh ſtay reſuſe,
Be ruled by thy friende;
What bloudy death with open ſhame,
Did Torquin gaine in ende:

Apus.

Whence doth this pinching ſounde defende?
Conſcience.

From contrit Conſcience pycked on,
By member of thy lyfe,
Enforced for to cry and call,
And all to end our ſtriſe.

Apus.

What art thou thou declare be beſe?

Conſcience.

Not ſleſh noz filthy luſt I am:
But ſecret conſcience I,
Compeld to crie with trimbling ſoule,
At point nere hand to die.

Apus.

Why no diſeaſe bath me appoche, no grieſe doth make me grudge,
But want of faire Virginia, whoſe beauty is my Judge;
By hir I liue, by hir I die, for hir I ioy or woe,

C.ij.

A new Tragical Comedie

For hir my soule doth sinke or swimme, for hir I sweare I goe.
Conscience.

Ah Gods, what wittes doth raine, and yet to you unknowen?
I die the death, and soule doth sinke, this filthy flesh hath sowne.

Apus.

I force it not, I will attempt, I stay for Claudius heare,
Yet will I goe to meete with him, to know what newes and cheare.

Here entreteth Haphazard.

Hast for a hangman, in hazard of hempe
Runne for a ridducke, there is no such impe:
Claudius is knocking, with hammer and stone,
At Virginius gate, as hard as he can lay one:
By the Gods my masters, Haphazard is hardy,
For he will run rashly, be they neuer so many,
Pea he will singe so wknowt, and sknap with the best,
But peace, who comes yonder, what Joly god gesse

Here enter in with a songe.

When men will some misdoubtfully,
Without an why, to call and cry,
And fearing with temerety, its ieopardy, of libertie,
Wee with him take to chere his hart, Haphazard,
Woulde blinde bayarde,
A fygge for his vncourtesie,
That seekes to thin good company.

Manipulus.

What if ease that cruelty, should bussell me, and insell mee,
And Holywand should tickle me, for keeping of good companye:
He folow by my honestie, hap Haphazard, bould blinde bayard,
A figge for his vncourtesie, that seekes to thin good companie.

All singe this.

When men will some misdoubtfully,
Without an why, to call and crye. &c.

Manip.

of Apius and Virginia.

Manipula.

Fener was that milsteris, so furious nor curious,
Nor yet her bloes so boisterous, nor roisterous, nor doloious,
But sure I would venterous, hap Haphazard, bould be blinde bayard
A figge for his vncourtesie, that takes to shun god companie.

All singe this.

When men wyll seme misdoubtfully,

Without an why, to call and cry &c.

Haphazard.

Then wend ye on and folow me, Manipula, Manipula.

Let croppng cares be cast away, come folow me, come folow me,
Subseruus is a wply loute, brace Haphazard bould blinde bayarde,
A figge for his vncourtesie, that takes to shun god companie.

All sing this.

When men will seme misdoubtfully,

Without an why, to call and cry &c.

The end of the song.

Decree Haphazard speaketh.

I by the Gods my maysters, I tould you plaine,
Who companyes with me, will desire me agayne:
But how dyd ye speede I pray ye shew me,
Was all well agreed, did no body blow ye.

Manipulus.

Passc for, hap dyd so happen, that my Lorde and maister,
Staired in beholding and viewing the Pasture.
Which when I perceiued, what excuse did I make?
I came in the crosse way, on the nerside the fozlake,
Hard by Hodges halfe aker, at gassers Pillers stile.
The next way round about, by the space of a mile,
And at Syr mkins side ridge, my Lord stode talking,
And angerly to me (quoth he) wher hast thou ben walking
Without any staggering, I had ready my lye,

Out

A new Tragicall Comedie

Out at Bridgenedow, and at Benols lease (quoth I)
 Your fatlings are feeding well Sir, the Gods be praised;
 A goodly lounie of beef on them is all redy raised,
 The outsteps on ffraunces Fabulator that was neuer my friende,
 How past you Carriers hay rocks, at long medow ende
 There might one (quoth he) within this few dayes,
 With a cast not haue geuen. till knaues great assaies:
 Under the bridge with a payre of rein Cardes both rip and fledge
 Is it true quoth my Lorde, will this geare neuer be leste,
 This causes swearing, and staring, proling and thefte:
 Well (quoth my Lorde) take hede least I finde it,
 And so past his way, and did no moze minde it.

Haphazard.

By the Gods that was sport, ye and sport alone,
 Manspula.

Pea, but I was in worse case by Saint Ihon,
 My Lady in Church was set full donout,
 And hearing my comming she tourned aboute:
 But as soone as I heard hir snappishly sounde,
 In this sorte I crouched me downe to the grounde,
 And mannerly shande, as though I were sad;
 As soone as the Que then drawen I had,
 She gaue me a wishie, and frostberly frobne,
 Wherby I doo knowe, she would ke couell my gowne:
 Then I dyd deuise, a pretty fine prankie,
 I meane whereby to picke me a thanke:
 Of Margery widdow the maide of the spilke house,
 And stammer the statter the gind of the stope house,
 Then was my Ladies anger well gene,
 And wilke so all, and the truthe be not knowne.

Haphazard.

Wer Lady, barefoote this bakes trimly,
 Subseruus.

Ray but I escaped moze finely,
 For I vnder this hed wote to doo as I wille,
 Then in this bushe, then in that wille.

of Apius and Virginia.

Then slippt I behind them among all the rest,
And seemed to common to, of things with the best,
But so it did happen, that all things were well,
But hazard it is, least time will truth tell.

Haphazard.

Tut, tut, that was but by hap, and if it be so,
Well sith it was in hazard then let it go.

Subseruus.

Content by my honestie, then farewell all two.
Manipulus.

Come out dogge, ye speake happely of truth if it be so,
I all speake.

Now master Haphazard, fare you well for a season,
Haphazard,

Let my counsell at no time with you be season.

I all speaketh.

No by the Gods, be sure not so,

Haphazard.

Well sith here is no company haue with ye to Xerico. Exit.

Enter Virginus.

What so the Gods they haue decreed to worke and do by me:
I meruaile why Iudge Apius he, such greetings lets me see:
I serued haue his seate, and state, I haue maintaind his weale,
I haue suppressed the rebels skoute, I beare to him such zeale,
And now he sends to me such charge, vpon my life and lands,
Without demur, or further pause, or ere ought things be scand,
That I in hast, with posting speede, to Court I do repaire,
To aunswer that aleaged is, befoze his Iudgement Chaire,
Some Wifozies they do expresse, when such mishaps do fall,
They should haue tokens many a one, I haue not one but all:
My Fuels sometime precious, do vade and beare no helwe,
My senses they do shun there course, my lights do burne as blew:
My willing wights are wared slow, that once were swifte in speede:
My hart it thzobs in wonderous sozt, my nose doth often blede.

The Tragicall Comedie

My dreadfull dreames do draw my woe and hatefull hazard hale,
 These tokens be of euell hap, this is the old wines tale:
 But yet O thou Virginus, whose hoary heares are old,
 Didst treason neuer yet commit, of this thou maist be bould:
 In Mars his games, in marshall seates, thou wast his only aide,
 The huge Carrebd his hazards thou, for him was ofte assaide:
 Was Silas force by thee oft thunde, or yet Advice lande,
 Laccface childe that Minnotaur, did cause thee euer stande:
 To pleasure him, to serue thy leach, to keepe all things vpriht,
 Thou God above, then what is it, that yeldeth me this spight?
 Sith nothing neede misdoubted be, where grounded cause is none,
 I enter will Iudge Apius gate, reiecting care and mone:
 But stay Virginus, loe, thy Prince doth enter into place;
 Oh sufferant Lord, and rightfull Iudge, the Gods do saue thy grace,

Here entresth Iudge Apius
 and Claudius.

With tender hart Virginus, thou welcome art to me,
 I fory am to vtter out, the things I here of thee:
 For Claudius a subiecte here, a man of mickle fame,
 Appealeth thee befoze my Courte, in deede of open shame:
 And though in deede I loue thee so, as thy deserts deserue,
 Yet not so but I must Iudgement geue, as Iustice doth require.
 Virginus.

My Lord and reason god it is, your seruaunt doth request,
 No parcial hand to aide his cause, no parcial minde or brest:
 If ought I haue offended you, your Courte, or eke your Crowne,
 From leesty top of Turret hie, persupetate me dowlone:
 If treason none by me be done, or any fault committed,
 Let my accusers beare the blame, and let me be remitted.

Apus.

God reason to virginus, come Claudius shew thy minde,
 Let Iustice here, wth Iudgment may, Virginus guilty finde
 Claudius.

Thou sufferant Lord, and rightfull Iudge, this standeth now p^r case,

of Apius and Virginia.

In tender youth not long ago; nere sixtene yeares of space,
Virginius a thral of mine, a childe and infant ponge,
From me did take by subtell meane, and keepes by arme full strong
And here before your grace I craue, that Iustice be extended,
That I may haue my thral agayne, and faultes may be amended
Virginius.

Oh Gods that guide the globe aboue what forged tales I here,
Oh Iudge Apius, bend your eares, while this my crime I cleare:
She is my childe, and of my wife her tender corpes did springe,
Let all the countrey where I dwell, beare witnesse of the thing.

Apius and Claudius go forth, but Apius speaketh this.

Say by the Gods not so my friend, I do not so decreë,
I charge the here in paine of death, thou bring the maide to me:
In chamber close, in prison sound, the secret shall abide,
And no kinde of wight shall talke with her, vntill the truth be tride:
This doe I charge, this I commaund, in paine of death let see,
Without any let, that she be brought, as prisoner vnto me: Exit.

Here let virginius go about the scaffold

Oh sickle faule, vnahppy dome, oh most vncertaine rate,
That euer chaunce so churlishly, that neuer staide in state: (finde?
What Iudge is this: what cruell wretch: what faith doth Claudius
The Gods do recompence with shame, his false and faithles minde:
Well home I must, no remedy, where shall my soking teares,
Augment my woes, decrease my ioyes. while death do rid my feares

Here entreth Rumour.

Come ventus come, blow forth thy blask,
Prince Eol listen well,
The filthiest sackte that euer was,
I Rumor now shall tell:
You gods bend downe to here my crie,

The Tragicall Comedie

reuengemente duly shoue,
 Thy Rūmoz craues did Claudius lay,
 and bring Iudge Apius loe:
 That wicked man, that fleshly Iudge,
 hath hiered Claudius,
 To claime a childe, the only heyre,
 of olde Virginius.
 A virgin pure, a Quēne in life,
 whose state may be deplozed,
 For why the Quēne of chaste life,
 is like to be defloured:
 By false Iudge Apius cruell wretche,
 who straightly hath commaunded,
 That she to keping his be brought,
 Prince Pluto this demaunded:
 To skies I flie to blase abrode,
 the trompe of depe defame,
 Keuenge you Gods this Rūmoz craues,
 this bloud and bloody shame:
 Haue through the ayre, gene place you ayres,
 this is my dutye done,
 The Gods confound such lecherers,
 loe Rūmoz this I run.

Virginius.

O man, O mould, oh mucke, O clay, O Hell, O hellish hounde,
 O faulse Iudge Apius wꝛablinge wretch, is this thy treason found:
 Oe worth the man that gaue the sādē, wherby y first didst spring
 Oe worth the wombe y bare the babe, to meane this bloody thing:
 Oe worth the paps that gaue y sucke, woe worth the fosters eke
 Oe worth all such as euer did, thy health or liking seke:
 Oh that the graued yeares of mine, were couered in the clay

¶ Here entreteth Virginia.

Let patience beare for me, mine, your rigor something stay,
 Why do you waile in such a sort: why do you wepe and mone?

Virgi.

of Apius and Virginia.

Virginius

Oh daughter deare and only heyre, my life is neare forgone,
And all for loue of thee

Virginia.

A Gods how may this be?

Deare father do withdraw your breath, and let me know the cause,
My selfe will ayde with lyfe or death, without demur or pause:
Then tender your childe, that craueth this bound.

Virginia

Oh harken deare daughter attend thou my sounde :

Judge Apius prickt forth with filthy desire:
Thy person as Lemmon, doth greatly require:
And no kinde of intreatie, no feare nor no shame,
Will he heare alodge, defending the same:
And straight without staying in paine of my death,
I must bring thee thither, wherfoze stop my breath,
O Sisters, I searce, I sake, and I craue,
No more at your handes, but death for to haue,
Rather then see my Daughter deflowred,
Or els in ill sorte, so vildeely deuourde.

Virginia.

Oh father, oh friendship, oh fatherly saueur,
Whose dulcet words, so sweetly do saueur,
On knees I beseeche thee to graunt my request,
In all things a cceding, as lyketh thee best:
Thou knowest, O my father, if I be once spotted,
My name and my kindred, then forth wilbe blotted:
And if thou my father, should die for my cause,
The world would accompt me as guilty in cause:
Then rather deare father, if it be thy pleasure,
Graunt me the death, then keepe I my treasure:
My Lampe, my light, my life undefiled,
And so may Judge Apius, of death be begiled:
This vpon my knees with humble beseeche.
Graunt me O father my instant request.

D.ij.

A new Tragical Comedie

Virginius

Then rype vp my daughter, my aunswere doe note,
From mouth of thy father, whose eyes do now note:
O daughter, oh deare, O darling, oh dame,
Dispatch me I pray thee, regarde not my name:
But yet, as thou fastest sith remedy none,
But Lemmon thou must be, if I were gone,
And better it is to dye with god fame,
Then longer to liue to reape vs but shame:
But if thou do dye, no doubt is at all,
But presently after my selfe follow shall,
Then end without shame so let vs perseuer,
With trompe of god fame so dye shall we neuer.

Virginia here kneeleth.

Then tender arriues complect the neck, doe dye thy fathers teares,
You nimble handes for wo wherof, my louing hart it weares:
Oh father mine, refraine no whit, your sharped knife to take,
From guiltles sheath, my shame to ende, and body dead to make:
Let not the shameles bloudy iudge, defile my virgins life,
Doe take my head and send it him, vpon your bloudy knife:
Bid him imbue his bloudy handes, in guiltles bloud of me:
I virgin dye, he leacher liues, he was my ende you see:
No more delays, lo kisse me first, then stretch your strongest arme.
Do ryd my lone, increase my ioy, do ease your childe of harne.

Virginius.

O weary wittes of wo, or wealth, oh feeble aged man,
How can thy arme geue such a blow, thy death I wishe thee than:
But sith that shame with endles trompe, wil sounde if case thou ioy,
By meanes of false iudge Apus he, my selfe will thee destroy:
Forgene me babe this bloudy dede, and meekely take thy ende,
Here let him profer a blowe,
The Gods forgoe thee father deare, farewell, thy blow do bend:
Yet stay a while, o father deare, for death to death is fraile,
Let first my wimple bind my eyes, and then thy blow assaile.
Father worke thy will on me, that life I may inioy.

Here

of Apius and Virginia.

¶ Here tye a handkercher aboute hir eyes, and then
strike of hir heade.

Now stretch thy hand Virginius, that lesh would flesh destroy.
O cruell handes, o bloudy knife, o man what hast thou done,
Thy daughter deare, and onely heyre, hir vitall ende hath wone:
Come fatall blade make lyke dispatche, come Atropos, come ende,
Strike home thou careles arme with spæde, of death be not afrayde.

¶ Here entreteth Comfort:

O noble knight virginius, do stay, be not dismayde.

I curing Comfort present am, your deller to ayde:

Virginius.

Sith ioy is gone, sith life is deade:

What comfort can there be?

Nomore there is but deepe dispaire,

And deadly death to me:

Comfort:

Nomore Sir knight, but take the head, and wende a while with me,

It shalbe sent to court, for that Iudge Apius may it se,

In recompence of leachors lust, this present let him haue,

And stay your corps for certaine space, in coping from the graue:

So shall you see the end of him, and all his whole consent.

This wilbe comfort to your harte, virginius be content.

Virginius.

Of truth euen so, for Comfort els, I know, right well is none,

Wherfore I doe consent with you, come on let vs be gone:

But messenger my selfe wyll bee, my self will geue the gifte,

Come on god Comfort, wend we then, there is no other gifte

¶ Here entreteth Iudge Apius.

Exit.

Well hap as can hap, or no,

In hazard it is but let that goe,

I wyll what so happen persue on still,

Why none there is liuing, can let me my wyll:

I will haue Virginia, I will hir desloure,

Els rigoious sword, hir hart shall deuoure.

A new Tragi call Comedie

Heere entreteth Haphazard.

I came from Calico euen the same houre,
And Hap was hyed to hackney in hemystrid,
In hazard he was of riding on beamestrid,
Then crow crop on tre top hoist vp the sayle,
Then groned their neckes, by the weight of their tayle,
Then dyd Car nifex, put these thre together,
Payd them their pasporte for clustring thither.

Apius.

Why how now Haphazard, of what doest thou speake?
He thinks in mad sort, thy talke thou doest breake,
Those thre words chopt all in one,
Is Carnifex that signifieth a Hangman:
Peace no such words before me do vtter,

Haphazard.

May I lye as still as a Cat in a gutter.
Go to Judge Apius, go forward good Prince,
Perhaps ye may haue that, the which wyl not blincke.

Apius.

What is the man that liueth now so neare to dooze of death?
As I for lust of Lady faire, whose lacke will stop my breath:
But long I shall not want her sight, I stay her committing here,
Oh lucky light, to present haue hir father doth appeare,
Oh how I ioy, yet bragge thou not. Dame beuty bides behinde,
Virginus, where is the maide? how haps thou breaques my minde?

Here entreteth Virginus.

Oh wicked Judge the Virgin chaste,
Hath sent her beutious face,
In recompence of Lechour gaine,
To thee so void of grace:
She bids thee in bue thy bloudy handes,
And filthie Leche rous minde:

With

of Apius and Virginia.

With Venus Damisels boyde of shame,
Where such thou haps to finde:
But thou as with Dianas ympes,
Salt neuer be acquainted.
They rather wishe the naked knife,
Then Virgins life attained:
In ende iust pzoofe whereof,
Beholde Virginias heade:
She sought hir fame, thou soughts hir shame,
This arme hath smit her dead.

Apius.

Oh curst and cruell cankerd churle, oh earll bnnaturall,
Which hast the sæde of thine owne lym, thzust fo2th to funerall:
Pe Gods bend downe your yre, do plague him fo2 his dæde,
You sprites below, you hellish houndes, do geue him gaule fo2 mæd:
My selfe will se his latter end, I Iudge him to the death,
Like death that faire Virginia toke, the lyke shall stop his bzeath:
Then flasky fænds of Lymbo lake, his ghost do so tozmoyle.
That he haue næde of Carons helpe, fo2 all his filthy toyle:
Come Iustice then, come on Rewarde, come ayde me in my næde,
Thou wicked knight that slaughter be, w self same knife with speed.

Virginus.

Sith the a virgine pure and chaste, in heauen leades hir life,
Content I am to bye with her, and dye vpon her knife.

Apius.

Come Iustice then, come on reward, when Iudgment now doth cal.

Cheere entreteth Iustice and Reward.

And they both speake this.

We both are ready here at hande, to worke thy safall fall.

Iustice.

Oh gorgan Iudge, what lawles life hast thou most wicked led:
Thy soking sinne hath sonke thy soule, thy vertues all are fled:
Thou chaste and vndefiled life didest sake fo2 to haue spotted.
And thy Reward is ready here, by Iustice now alofts.

The Tragicall Comedie

Rewarde.

Thy iust Reward, is deadly death, wherfoze come shend away,
To death I straight will do thy corpes, then lust shall haue his pray:
Virginus thou wofull knight, come neare and take thy foe,
In prison thou make him fast, no more let him do so:
Let Claudius so; tirrany be hanged on a tree.

Virginus.

Oh right Reward, the Gods be blisf,
This day I chaunce to see.

Haphazard.

Why how now my lord Apius, what cheare:
Why where is my Reward so; this gear:
Why dyd I ride run and reuell,
And so; all my taunting now am made a Jauell:
Why run sir knaue call me Claudius?
Then run with a vengeaunce watch Virginus,
Then ride sirra, is Virginia at Church,
Then gallope to see where her father doth lurche,
Then vp sirra, now what counsell:
Of Dame be wty tohat netwes canst thou tell:
Thus in hurly burly from piller to postte,
Pooze Haphazard daily was toste,
And now with Virginus he goes sadly walking,
And nothing at all will listen my talking,
But shall I be so vsed at his hands,
As leue I were neare in Limbo bands,
That Droncl, that drowly Drakenosed driuill,
He neuer learned his manners in Siuill:
A Judge may cause a gentleman, a gentleman may a iack bearinge
As honest as he that caries his hose on his neck so; seare of wering
A Caitife, a Cutthrote, a churle wo;thy blame,
I wyl serue him no longer the Deuill geue him shame:
Yet by the Pouse foote, I am not content,
I will haue a reward sure els will I repent,
To master reward I straight wales will go,

¶

of Apus and Virginia.

The worst that can hap is but a noo:
But sure I know his honesty is such,
That he will recompence me, with little or much:
And well this prouerb commeth in my head,
Wirlady halfe a loose is better then nere a whit of bread,
Therefore hap, and be happely, hap that hap may,
I will put it in hazard, I geue it assay:
Alhaye, maister Reward and rightuous Iustice,
I beseech you let me be recompenced to, according to my seruice,
For why all this long time I haue liued in hope,
Reward.

Then for thy reward, then here is a rope.

Haphazard.

May softe my maisters by sainde Thomas of trunions,
I am not disposed to be of your onions:
A rope (quoth you) away with that showing,
It would greue a man hauing two plowes goyng,
May stay I pray you, and let the Cat winke,
It is naught in dye sommer, for letting my drinke.

Iustice,

Let or let not there is no remedy, hanging shalbe thy reward berely
Haphazard.

Is there nothing but hanging to my lot doth fall,
Then take you my rewarde much good doo it you withall.
I am not so hasty although I be clayming,
But that I can asoꝝd you, the most of my gayning:
I will set, let, graunt, yelde, permit and promise,
All the reuenewes to you of my seruice:
I am friendly, I am kindly, I proffer you safre,
You shall be my ful excecutoꝝ and heyre.

Reward,

Pray make you ready first to dye by the roode,
Then we will dispose it as we think it good:
Then those that with you to this dyd consent,
e lyke reward shall cause them repent.

C.ii.

The Tragickall Comedie

Iustice

Stay stay a while Virginius is coming,
Stay soft Haphazard you are not so cunning,
Thus to escape without punishment,
Rewarde.

prece to go
forth.

No certis it is not so expedient,

¶ Here entreteth Virginius.

O noble Iustice duty done, behold I come againe,
Do shew you that Apius he him selfe hath lewoly slaine,
As sone as he in prison was enclosed out of sight.
He desperate for bladdie daede, did slea him selfe out right,
And Claudius doth mercy craue who did the daede for feare,
Touchsafe oh Judge to saue his life, though countrie he forbeare.
Iustice.

We graunt him grace at thy request, but bannish him the lande.
And see that death be done out right on him that here doth stand.

Haphazard.

Stay W. Virginius take him by the hande
I craue not for seruice the thing worth ought,
Hanging quoth you, it is the last end of my thought
I feare for shame I feare, stay by my fathers soule,
Why this is like to Tom turners dole.
Hang one man, and saue all the rest,
Take part one with another, plaine dealing is best.

Rewarde.

This is our dealing, thus deale we with thee,
Take him hence Virginius goe trusse him to a tree.

Haphazard.

Ye shall in a ropes name, whether away with me.
virginus.

Come I wend thou in halfe, thy death for to take,
To the hangman I will leade thee, a quick dispatch to make.

of Apollus and Virginia.

Haphazard.

But I needes hang, by the gods it doth spight me,
To thinke how crabbedly this silke lase will bite me:
Then come cosin cutpurs, come runne haste and folow me,
Haphazard, must hange, come folow the lyerie.

Exit.

Iustice.

Well wende we now the finall ende of fleshly lust was se.
Reward.

Content Rewarde is ready bent with Iustice to agre.

¶ Here entresth Fame.

Oh stay, you noble Iustice stay, Reward do make no haste,
The Ladies thee haue brought y^e Corse in earth that must be plasse.

Doctrina and Memorie and Virginius
bying a tome.

We haue brough backe virginius, the funerall to see,
I graunt him that the learned pen shall haue the ayde of mee:
To wright in learned verse the honoy of hir name.

Fame.

And eke it shall resound by trompe of me Dame Fame.

¶ Here let Memorie wright
on the tome.

I Memorie will minde hir life, hir death shall ouer ratne.
Within the mouth and minde of man, from age to age againe.

Iustice.

So Iustice sure will ayde all those that immitate hir lyfe
Reward.

Reward will punnish those that moue such dames to lye.

¶ Exit.

A new Tragicall Comedie

Fame.

Then sing we round about the Come in honour of his name,

Reward.

Content we are with willing minde to sing with sound of Fame.

¶ The Epilogue.

AS earthly life is graunted none for euermore to raigne,
But denting death wil cause them al to grant this world as baile,
Right worshipfull sith sure it is that mortall life must vade,
Do practise then to winne his loue that all in all hath made:
And by this Poets saining here example do you take,
Of Virginias life, of chastetie, of duty to thy make.
Of loue to wife, of loue to spouse, of loue to husband deare,
Of bringing by of tender youth, all these are noted heare:
I doubt it not right worshipful, but well you do conceiue,
The matter that is ended now, and thus I take my leaue:
Beseeching God as dutie is, our gracious Quene to saue,
The Nobles, and the commons eke, with prosperous life I craue,

¶ FINIS.

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